

Suck

HY MAYER'S
IMPRESSIONS OF THE
EXPOSITION

WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 4, 1915
PRICE TEN CENTS

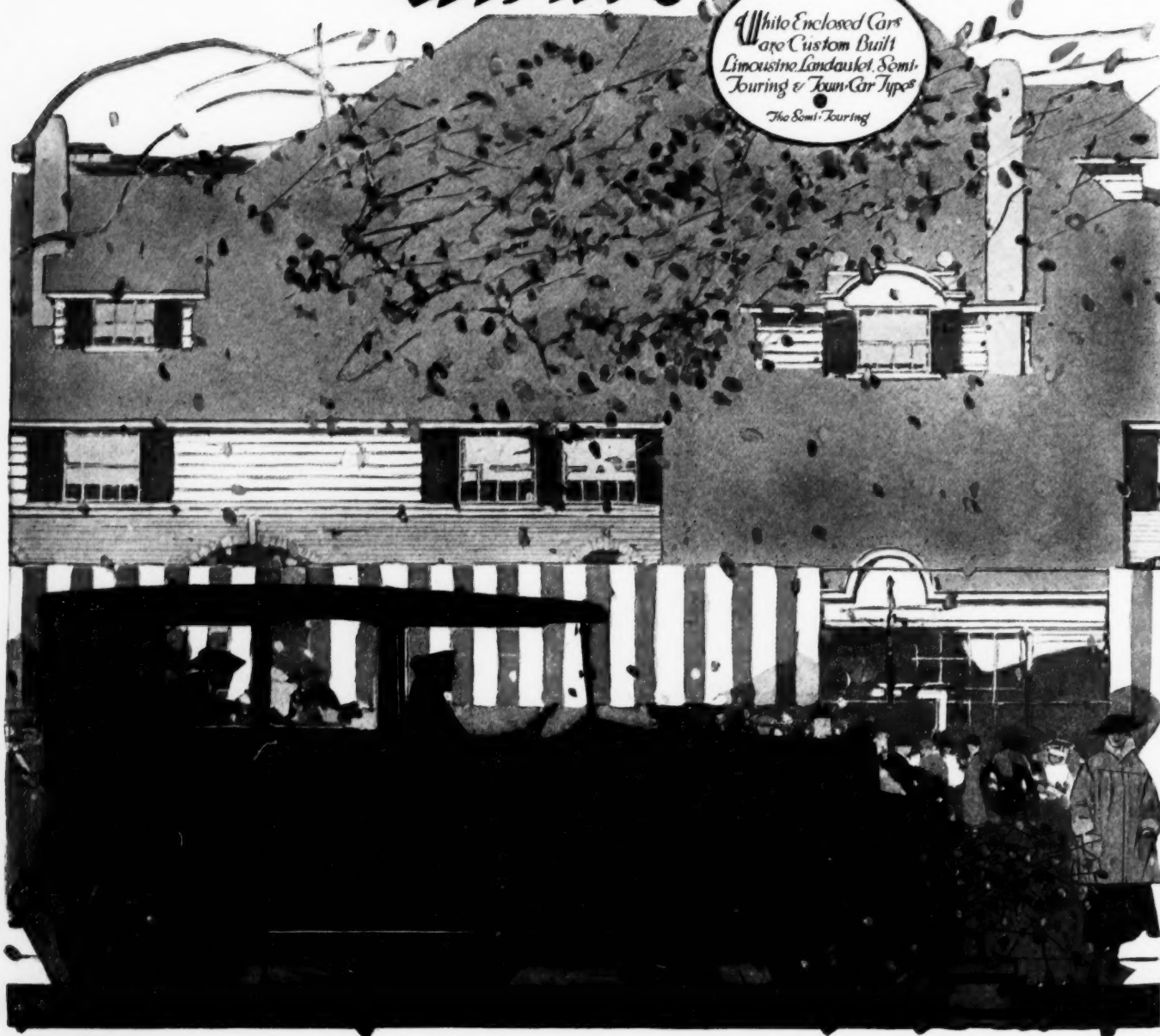


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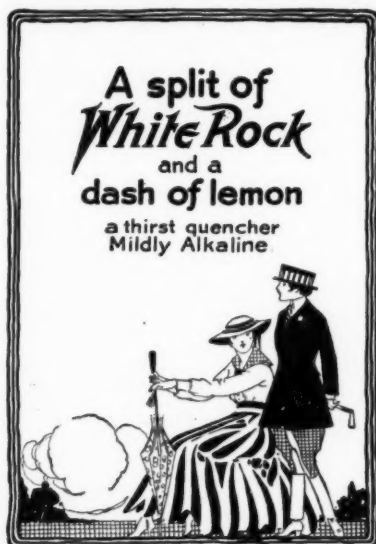
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Limousine Landaulet Semi-
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The Semi-Touring



The White Semi-Touring Car serves the requirements of every season and occasion. It may be used as an open touring car or as a perfectly appointed enclosed car. This body type has long been favored by fashionable European motorists and recently introduced here, with improved refinements, by an exclusive builder of custom-made bodies. Because of its uncommon type and the opportunity it affords for the expression of fine craftsmanship, this car is extremely distinctive. Nothing similar can be obtained direct from other motor car manufacturers—and only a limited number are available for fall delivery. We will be pleased to submit photographs and details and offer you the assistance of the highest authority in planning the appointments and decorations.

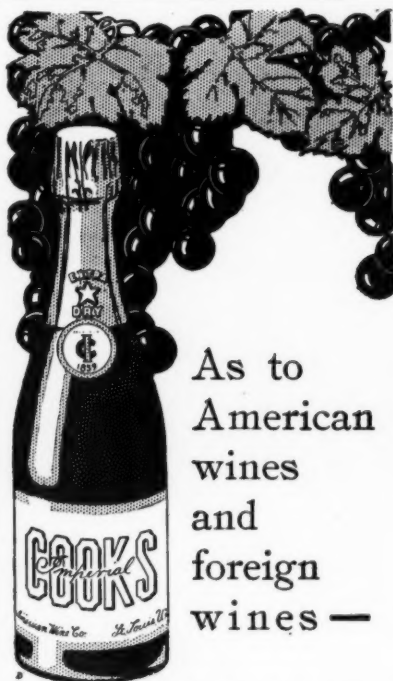
The WHITE COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio



"Bath House 23" "KEEP OUT!"

OUR LATEST NOVELTY. Bath house in wood veneer with swinging door and brass fastener; size, 5x8 inches; with the door open you see a beautiful hand-colored picture of an Ostend bathing girl. Comes boxed, prepaid for 25c. to introduce our new catalog of Pictures for The Den, 32 pages of art studies, "all winners!" Catalog alone, 10c. Stamps accepted.

CELEBRITY ART CO.,
31 Columbus Ave. Boston, Mass.



As to
American
wines
and
foreign
wines —

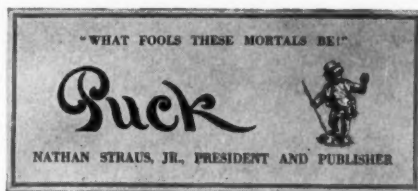
well, some people like champagne the better the more they pay for it; that's just love of spending money—not connoisseurship.

But when it comes to American champagne—nobody who knows wines ever considers anything but Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne. In fact, all connoisseurs say Cook's.

Sold Everywhere—Served Everywhere

AMERICAN WINE CO.
St. Louis, U. S. A.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: PUCK is published every Monday (dated the following Saturday) by the Puck Publishing Corporation, 295-305 Lafayette Street, New York City; (Nathan Straus, Jr., President; H. Grant Straus, Secretary and Treasurer).

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London: 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C.
Paris: 15 Rue Delambre.

Paintings from the Panama-Pacific Exposition

Next week marks the publication of the first of the canvases which Puck's representative personally selected at the Fine Arts Exhibit at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco.

These full-color reproductions of the finest paintings at the Exposition will give everyone an opportunity not only of viewing but of owning art prints of the cream of a collection gathered from all corners of the globe.

All modern schools are represented in the pictures purchased. The first to make its appearance is by Du Gardier, one of the most prominent of contemporary French painters. In the same number the modern American school will be represented with "The Hand Glass," by Raymond P. Neilson, who has rendered a pleasing subject in a strikingly original technique.

The next reproduction in this interesting series, "O'Fado," by Malhoa, of Lisbon, Portugal, will appear on September 18. This is one of the most prized pictures in the Fine Arts collection. At the International Exposition at Buenos Ayres it was awarded the gold medal.

In order that you may be sure of obtaining this series of Puck reproductions complete, leave an order with your newsdealer to-day to have Puck for you every Monday—or Tuesday in the West. Or, better still, send in a dollar bill for a trial three months' subscription.

When writing to advertisers, please mention Puck



Bonbons for Breakfast Sweet Bubbles of Toasted Corn

Corn Puffs might be served in bonbon boxes without seeming out of place.

For these are food confections. They are tit-bits, sweet and savory, and in most enticing form. Never were morsels of toasted corn anywhere near so dainty.

Corn Centers

Corn Puffs are corn hearts made into pellets, toasted for an hour and then puffed. They are puffed by steam explosion to bubbles of raindrop size.



"The Witching Food"

They are thin and airy, fragile as snowflakes. They fairly melt away. They bring to every home they enter a new respect for corn.

For Tomorrow

Get Corn Puffs for tomorrow. You are missing delights while you wait.

Serve them for breakfast and note the welcome they get. Then douse some Corn Puffs with melted butter for the children to eat at play.

We are inviting you here to something rare—to a dainty that will amaze you. You'll find a dozen ways to use it as a sweet-meat and a food. Please start now.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers



GRINAGRAMS

The Flop

When he first located,
He began
As a Hyphenated
American.

Then himself he stated,
This same man:
"I'm a Hyphenated
AMERICAN!"

But his zeal abated;
Blood cold ran
In a **HYPHENATED**
American.

A feminine writer, delving into the whys and wherefores of marital woe, states that "men marry pretty young things with no more sense in their fluffy heads than has a sawdust doll." We wish the lady would not malign sawdust dolls in that way. A sawdust doll at least has sense enough to keep quiet when she hasn't anything to say.

Possibly, it is Russia's secret intention to lure the German Army into Siberia and keep it there.

"Both Mr. Root and myself recognize the right of every individual to liberty of thought and action."—Boss Barnes.

Possibly, as a special concession, Messrs. Barnes and Root might be willing to recognize as well the individual's right to free speech.

fafwat fafam famam fam farah ram fa
raofowfof waofaof fafom faofom aowd
ao doow woo gaob am aoor daom wardd
aofar daofaof fofa mfwakig koikoifwogo.
—The New York Times

The Times lives up to its motto,
"All the news that's fit to print."

Von Mackensen crosses the Bug.
—War Bulletin.

With what? Experiments in cross-breeding are always of interest.

We note in an advertisement a reference to De Soto as the man who sought the Fountain of Eternal Youth. On history we are a trifle rusty, but off-hand we should say that De Soto sought the Fountain of Eternal Youth about the time that Columbus bought Manhattan Island for twenty-four dollars.

Measured by the noise and sputtering they make, a great many of them could



REVIVE THE DUCKING STOOL?

It might have a salutary effect upon some of our Hyphenated Americans

more fittingly be described as Carbonated Americans.

Judging by its tendency to misbehave, the Culebra Cut is ambitious to be known as the Culebra Cut-up.

Because they are made of metal, hooks and eyes are no longer purchasable in Germany. American husbands, recalling the days when they struggled to make 'em "come out even," stretch hands of congratulation across the sea.

If Villa and Carranza are awake to their opportunities they will suggest to President Wilson that he intervene in Georgia, as well as in Mexico, "in the interests of humanity."

It has been demonstrated by Assyrian tablet that Noah, not Eve, ate the

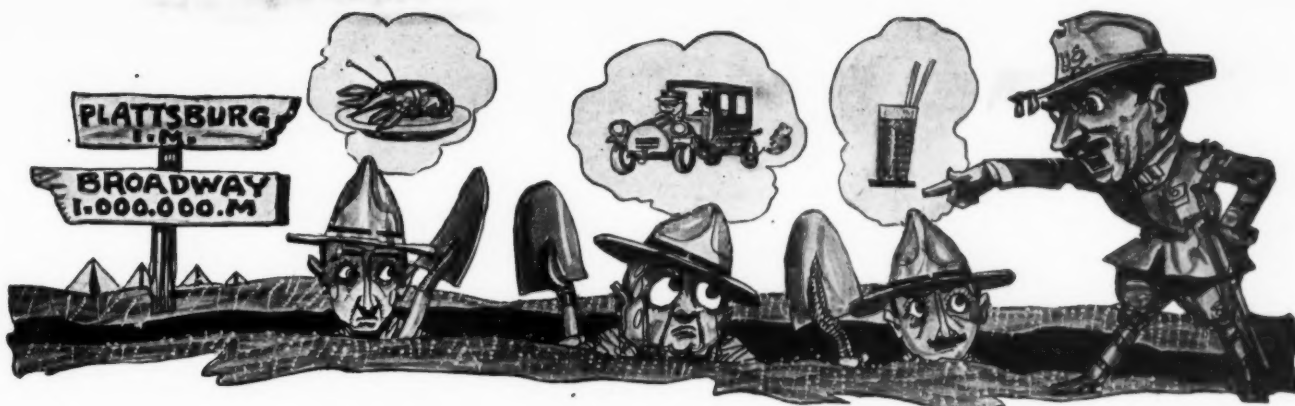
celebrated apple. This being the case, the least New York can do to blot out the centuries of injustice to Mother Eve, is to vote for the Woman Suffrage amendment in November.

Newspapers agree that at the opening of the theatrical season "Diamond Jim" Brady outshone himself in the matter of studs. Some night, we fear, a stranger in town will sadly wound Mr. Brady's feelings by mistaking him for an electric sign.

Colonel Oscar Benavides, retired Provisional President of Peru, after the inauguration of Dr. Jose Pardo as President last night, was forced to run the gauntlet of a hail of bullets and stones.

—Lima Despatch.

In other words, they tried to Lima-bean him.



THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by DANA BURNET

Illustrations by MERLE JOHNSON

The latest sun spot proved to be
A mammoth summer freckle.
'Tis said Apollo's handsome nose
Is very apt to speckle.
A caterpillar bit a man
In Southern Carolina,
Your maid should be
A Japanee,
Although it's hard on china.



Panc Villa has requested us
To spend the fall in Hades.
Straw ballots show the Empire State
Approves the vote for ladies.
The yachting season was enjoyed
By such as could enjoy it—
The rest, poor dubs,
Enjoyed their tubs,
And Italy may Troy it.

The costumes for the autumn months
Are trimmed with leaves and laces.
And when the leaves begin to fall
There'll be some open spaces.
'I've won the war," the Kaiser cried,
In joyous panegyric,
A pout, a pause,
Then faint applause
From George Sylvester Viereck.

A gent who wished to wed a maid
First cast her in the ocean,
Then waded in and rescued her
With unexcelled devotion.
Carranza learned the A. B. C's.
Of governmental order,
The City's Lord
Has donned a sword,
And Greece said Turkey bored her.

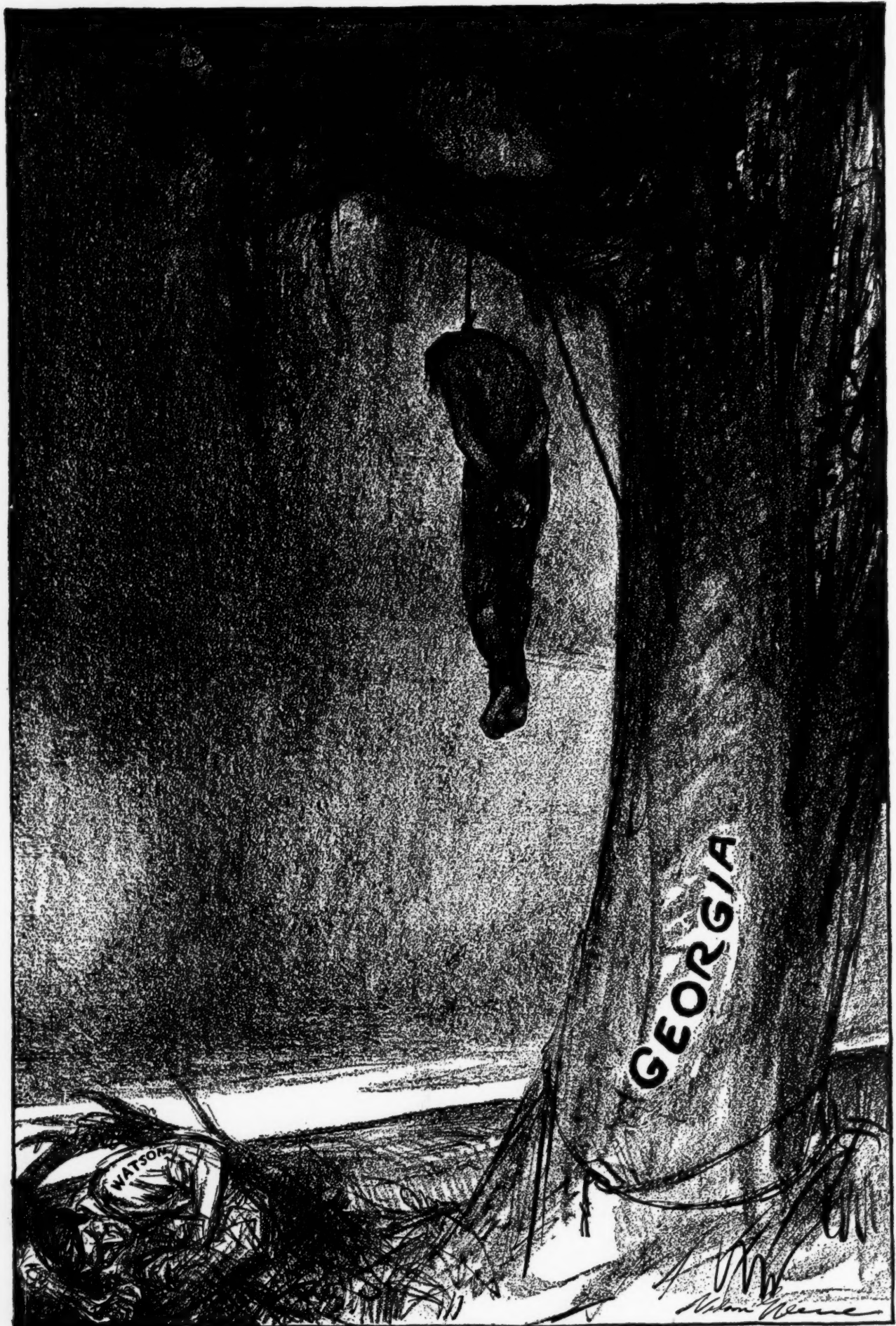
The Bull Moose is developing
The horns of a dilemma,
The Pankhursts frown on puerile
peace,
"Fight on!" says Lady Emma.
A Justice ruled that men may swear
At home without a permit,
A family fuss,
A hearth-side cuss—
Ah, who would be a hermit?

The Calendar will be revised,
We'd like a week of Sundays.
With now and then a Saturday
And never any Mondays.
An air fleet raided Gotham Town,
The biplanes were mosquitoes,
The Russian bear
Is full of care,
And Osborne's dodging vetoes.



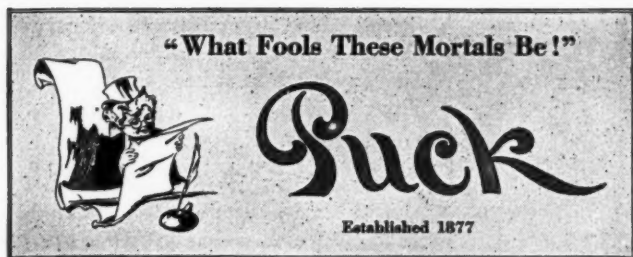
'Tis said that temper after meals
Is bad for the digestion.
The subway atmosphere is still
A very heated question.
The Frye case, from the frying pan,
Has plunged into the fire,
The climate veers
From smiles to tears,
And skirts are somewhat higher.





"WISDOM, JUSTICE, MODERATION"

—The Motto of Georgia



VOL. LXXVIII. NO. 2009. WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 4, 1915

Tom Watson, Murderer

PUCK'S prediction has been verified. Leo Frank has been murdered. Wisdom, Justice and Moderation, Georgia's motto, has been fittingly vindicated by the mob. Who is guilty, and who shall be punished? Who inspired the mob? Who goaded them to their hideous deed? Tom Watson is that man. Every utterance of his on the Frank case shows his guilt. Every murderous sentence proves him guilty, guilty, guilty.

THE week after Frank's sentence had been commuted by Governor Slaton, in the issue of the *Jeffersonian*, Watson said:

"The factory girl is turning to dust in her grave.....her blood yet crying vainly to high heaven for vengeance.....and the s— who assaulted her and choked her to death, disports himself lightly at the State Farm, in his new blue serge suit, his patent leather shoes, his insolent arrogance of successful dandyism. How much more of it can we stand?"

Jeffersonian, July 15, 1915.

"To Governor J. M. Slaton, Atlanta, Ga.:
..... We feel that the people of the State should now take up this case and settle it in short order."

Jeffersonian, June 24, 1915.

THEN when the mob had tried to lynch Gov. Slaton and failed, Watson wrote:

"If Wallace and Bruce had been milk-sops, Scotland would be lacking in half its glory. . . . Then there was that Boston 'mob' whose picture used to be in all our histories at school. The firing on the Boston mob fired the American colonies, and the cry went all the way down to Savannah—'The cause of Boston is the cause of us all.' The 'mobs' were Liberty Boys in those days—the old days before we became lolly-wops, vegetarians, grape-juicers, and sissy-boys."

Jeffersonian, July 8, 1915.

"Let the rulers treat the people right, and there will be no mobs, and no riots. But if any State should be indifferent while its rights were being trampled on, and its governmental powers sold to Big Money, such a State would be no longer alive. It would be, morally and politically, a corpse."

Jeffersonian, July 8, 1915.

LATER, in the issue of July 22nd, after, on the 18th, Creen, a convicted murderer in the same jail, almost succeeded in murdering Frank, Tom Watson published the following, not only condoning the assault, but asking that Creen, be rewarded therefor:

"Are we to remain imperturbably cool and patient while the New York defamers of our State threaten our lives."

"It is rumored that William J. Burns will visit Frank at the State Farm this week, but as one of the convicts has nearly cut Frank's head off, Burns' visit may be postponed."

Jeffersonian, July 22, 1915.

"Let a petition be carried around among the people at large, even into South Carolina, asking for clemency for Creen,"

Jeffersonian, July 29, 1915.

WILL Georgia continue to allow her name to be defamed, her public morals debauched by this beast? It is not for us, but for Georgia to decide. The past is beyond repair. No act can bring the martyred boy to life, nor wash his blood from Georgia's shield. But atonement and reform is possible. To punish the mob and exile or hang Watson is the first step toward decency and justice. All eyes are on you, Georgia. It is time, yes, it is high time to show your Wisdom, Justice and Moderation. What do you intend in your Wisdom to do to Tom Watson? What in your conception of Justice is due to a man who has inspired murder? To what course does even extreme Moderation point to prevent the recurrence of those lynchings and murders that disgrace you in the eyes of your forty-seven Sister States?

A Prediction

AS PUCK foresaw and foretold, Tom Watson accomplished the murder he plotted. And PUCK will now venture another prediction. Neither Tom Watson, the murderer, nor any of his accomplices in the mob will be punished for their crime. A State that permits such a criminal as Watson to live in its midst thereby shows itself indifferent to crime. Only when Tom Watson is hanged or exiled can a restoration of decency or order be hoped for in Georgia. And for that we may have to wait for another General Sherman and another "March through Georgia."

"The public will never know the identity of the twenty-five brave and loyal men who took into their own hands the execution of a law that had been stripped from them by Governor Slaton."

A boastful Georgian.

THE bravery required to take a wounded man out of his bed and, twenty-five to one, to murder him, quite surpasses any record of courage in the annals of "Southern chivalry."

"The Republicans have put up one man after another as Presidential possibilities. Some have lasted twenty-four and others thirty-six hours."

George W. Perkins.

WHEREAS Theodore, in Mr. Perkins's estimation, might last at least forty-eight hours.



NURSERY RHYME FOR GROWN-UPS

Twinkle, Twinkle, little Bluepoint,
How I wish I had your viewpoint.
Would to Heaven that I were
Such a pat philosopher!
Try, dear people, to essay
The ethics of the Rockaway.
Or the little-necked clam
Who neither knows nor gives a d——n!

Summer Magic

A STORY IN SEVERAL POSTCARDS
AND ONE LETTER

POSTCARD I

Got here yesterday. Don't think I shall like the place very much. Seems slow. Nobody here. Love to all.

GLADYS.

POSTCARD II

The country about here isn't much to look at, and the people stopping here are mostly old frumps. Don't think I shall stay here long. Love to all.

GLADYS.

POSTCARD III

This is a view of what they call Lovers' Lane. It isn't much to look at,

is it? The food they serve here isn't fit to eat. And the thing they call the lake is nothing but a duck-pond. Love to all.

GLADYS.

POSTCARD IV

Still here. Tried their tennis court to-day and it is simply fierce. Full of bumps and stones. Last night we went on a straw ride. Slowest one I ever was on. Only old maids and silly boys. Love to all.

GLADYS.

POSTCARD V

No time to write a letter. Been too busy. Things have improved some, and think I may stay a little longer after all. Love to the folks.

GLADYS.

POSTCARD VI

I really think I shall enjoy myself

here. Some of the people I have met are very nice, especially a Mr. Hartacre, who has been here only two days. Love to all.

GLADYS.

THE LETTER

DEAREST MABEL:

I think I have come to the loveliest place on earth. Really, I don't know when I ever saw such delightful country or met such charming people at a summer boarding place. There is a Mr. Hartacre here, and he and I have been together an awful lot, considering that four days ago he was a perfect stranger. His tastes and mine are ever so much alike, we find. We have played tennis together—they have a perfectly splendid tennis court here—and we have taken some long walks through the loveliest woods you ever saw. There is a most romantic walk here—it is called Lovers' Lane—and last night Mr. Hartacre and I went along to watch the moon rise through the trees.

In the morning we go rowing on the lake. There is a lovely lake here, only a short distance from the hotel. Some people call it a duck-pond, but really it is very pretty. Mr. Hartacre is a dandy oarsman—he rolls up his sleeves and he has such muscular arms—and he rows me all around the lake in a boat which he has hired—just for us, he says. Yesterday morning we got up early and went out after pond lilies, and had them in a glass dish on our table at breakfast. Mr. Hartacre arranged them; he has excellent taste for a man, and I helped him.

I don't know how it is, but the food here has improved an awful lot of late. It is really fine now. When I first came here it was something fierce, so that positively I dreaded to come to the table; but now it is so much, *much* better that I can hardly wait to come to meals. I sit right next to Mr. Hartacre at one of the side tables. To-night we are all going for a straw ride. Mr. Hartacre asked me if I would go with him. And he also asked me to stop calling him Mr. Hartacre. He said it sounded so stiff and formal. He began calling me Gladys right away; said he'd been saying it over and over again to himself ever since he'd met me. Wasn't that sweet of him! Do you suppose he cares for me? He has lovely hair, wavy over the temples, and the bluest eyes you ever saw, so frank and honest.

I must close now, as I am going to watch the sunset with Mr. Hartacre—I mean Harold, and then I shall just have time to dress for the straw ride. I am writing this with Harold's fountain pen. As ever.

GLADYS.

P.S.—Love to all.



WITH THE HIGH-BROW ROOKIES AT PLATTSBURG

SNAPSHOTS OF OFFICERS IN THE MAKING AT NEW YORK'S CAMP FOR MILITARY INSTRUCTION



*The
Diary of
a Pianist*

I am a pianist. I am also a philosopher. I have been told so by perfect strangers. From childhood on I absorbed music as a sponge does water. At the sound of distant music my young heart ached. Sweet, hot nights, heavy with desire, thick and tremulous with longing! Music then was more real than life. But while tone spoke to me I was like a man who hears a lovely language for the first time; its rhythm, assonance, its curious inflections make thrall of his ear. What cares he for the sense. After grasping the grammar of tone I am still far from comprehending the sphinx-like questionings of Chopin. His music, like the echo of fallen star-dust, tells of experiences not vouchsafed to many mortals. His tender and mysterious nocturnes, his warlike polonaises, filled with booming cannon, his capricious mazurkas and valse, the scherzos relating tales of anguish—all this intensely personal music, music without counterpart on our globe, move one immensely. Few poets touch me as does Chopin. Poe reflects his sombre moods, Paul Verlaine his veiled utterances, where sound and sense blend into so mysterious cadences. I feel thrills like pain smothered in onions and opium when I play Chopin. My sufferings increase daily, for mine is the malady of the soul, a spiritual paresis, of which I'm exceedingly vain. I'm told it's very becoming, like the blue butterfly tie I wear in the good old summer-time.

July 4th Her eyes were secret. I called her Juno. She was an Amazon with the smile of a child, but she had secret eyes. She sat facing me at a Spanish Café (East Side). The night was a clear blue-in-blue, and the wind sparkled with vernal promise. Yet it was July by the calendar. I spoke few words; her eyes refused me their secrets. A gorgeous creature she was, with the fine, free carriage of an Andalusian. Her hair was of flaming hue, and she spoke in a contralto voice that touched me as the sound of an English horn. I knew her name, but I called her Juno. She was a Juno, and when I talked of Chopin the hues of the peacock's tail appeared for a moment in her secret eyes. "I have a gentleman friend who is a pianist," she casually remarked. I eagerly demanded his name. "Jubbs," she answered. Odious name. Juno Jubbs! What a vile combination. She promised to introduce him.

July 13th Juno and Jubbs called last night. He is a handsome man. He played ragtime with a fat, fashionable touch. Juno was entranced. Her lips parted, her eyes more secret than ever, she sat close to the piano while Jubbs played with healthy fists, played the very unpopular song: "It's a Long, Long Road to Retrograd." Juno declared it perfection. She gave Jubbs a glance that

THE SEVEN ARTS

By James Huneker

set my blood boiling, but made him complacently twist his foolish moustache. Jubbs was very emotional. They rose to go. I begged them to stay. I would

order for them la bière de Munich, also sandwiches; they refused and went away without even asking me to play. I was in despair.

That woman Juno haunts my life. I begin to play and straightway I hear the rustle of her silken gown, the air is perfumed with her memory. It is only an illusion. I haven't seen her for a week. I must write her, else die. **July 20th**

I received her answer. She will take luncheon with me and hear me play afterward. I practice all the time and save my pennies—Juno has an excellent appetite. She likes Russian caviar and strawberries out of season. They cost money. Being a pianist I am far from wealthy, though very proud. **July 21st**

She has just left and I am in a delirium of joy. Juno loves me. She loves me. After she had eaten a large sirloin steak, with mushrooms, she accompanied me to my music room. She seemed bored when I proposed to play and a yawn escaped her carved lips as I opened the lid of the piano. "Play ragtime," she languidly said. "My name isn't Jubbs," I cautiously replied. She smiled and, lifting her antique eyelids, I caught a glimpse of dreamland, like a strange landscape illuminated by the fall of a green meteor. I shrugged my shoulders, for I knew what was coming. Then I struck a few enigmatic chords and saw Juno shiver. I began the Guinor Ballade of Chopin, and under the rim of her eyelids caught a golden glance. She heard Chopin for the first time. With the clangor of great brazen pans and with the shrill death scream of some huge exotic bird, the Ballade of Fierce Pains and Coaxing Noises ended. With hot, moist lips Juno kissed my aching fingers. **July 22nd**

Jubbs and his ragtime is defeated. Juno refused to listen to him, while I repeated my magnificent performance of the Chopin Ballade. I say "magnificent" because, being a pianist, I am modest. Jubbs doesn't like me, and before the evening ended we fell into a furious argument. "Chopin," cried Jubbs, "is a chromatic disease." Juno, in a rage, exclaimed: "You read that somewhere." "Ragtime," I interrupted, "is dry rot." "You surely made that epigram, you clever man," said Juno, approvingly. Then I knew she loved me. **July 28th**

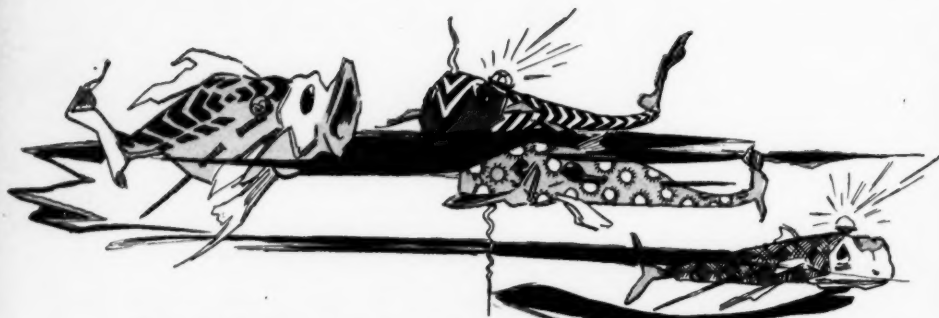
(Continued on page 20.)



Drawn by Frank Reynolds of London

SOME ILLUSION

THE CONJURER: Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to introduce to your notice Zambuckita, who will assist me in my refined illusion, entitled "The Vanishing Snowflake"



THE QUAIN FISH IN THE HAWAIIAN EXHIBIT SHOULD WEAR SCARFPINS TO HEIGHTEN THEIR EFFECT AS FLOATING CRAVATS -



IN THE CHINESE PAVILION
"AND WHAT'S YOUR NAME?"
"DAISY, SIR."
"WHAT'S THAT IN CHINESE?"
"I DON'T KNOW, BUT
I'LL ASK THE PROPRIETOR."



IN THE FOOD PRODUCTS BUILDING
"DEARIE, LET'S HAVE SOME WINE
JELLY SAMPLES, - WE HAVEN'T
HAD OUR LUNCH."



LOVELY LAKES REFLECT THE BEAUTIES
OF THE EXPOSITION -



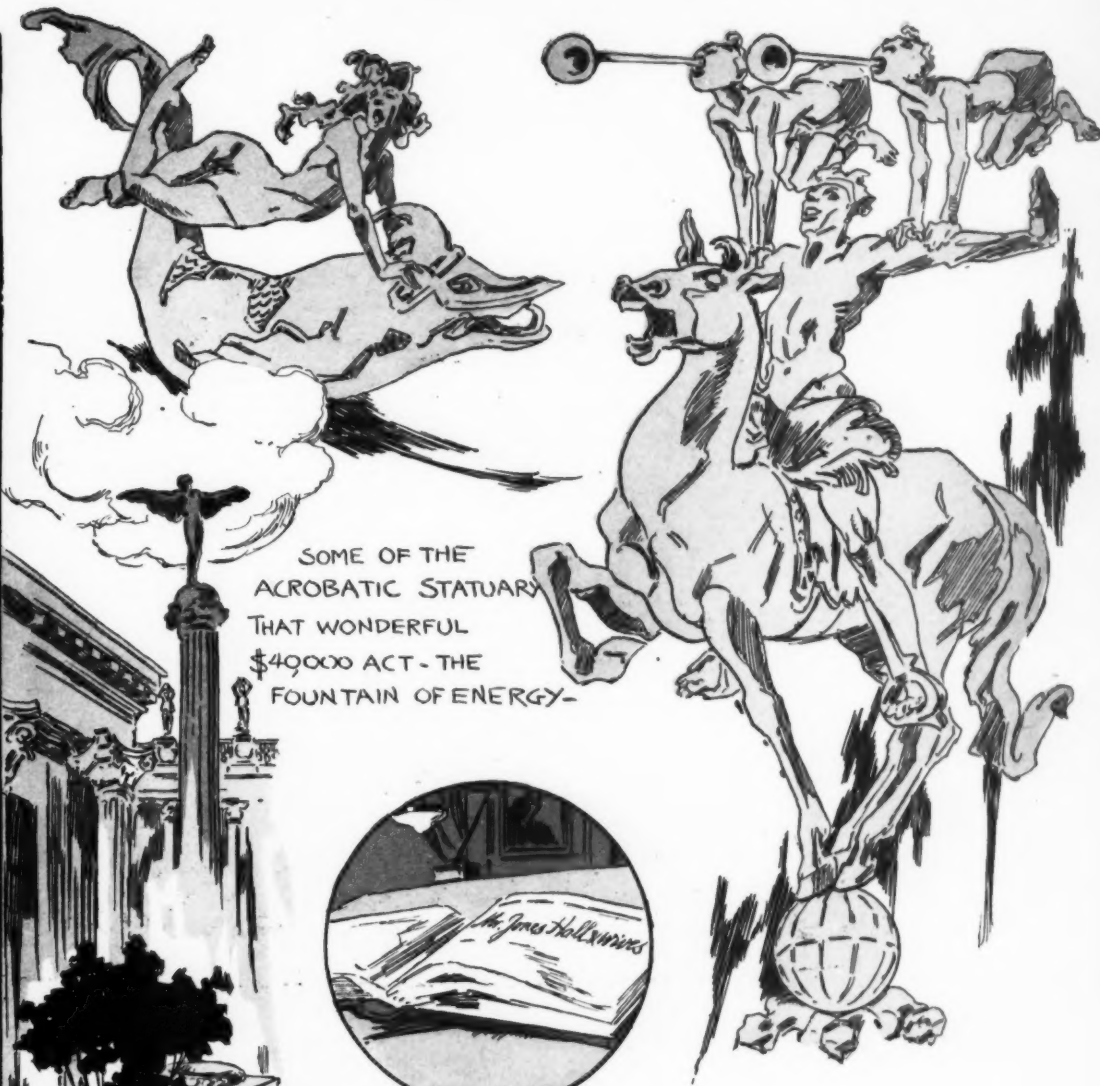
AND IN THIS WONDERLAND YOU
SATYRS, FAWNS AND FAIRIES BUT THESE
THAT YOU REALLY SEE -

MEANDERINGS AT THE



WONDERLAND YOU DREAM OF NYMPHS,
FAIRIES BUT THESE ARE THE THINGS

INGS AT THE FAIR



SOME OF THE
ACROBATIC STATUARY
THAT WONDERFUL
\$40000 ACT - THE
FOUNTAIN OF ENERGY -



THE VISITORS' REGISTER
IN THE UTAH STATE BUILDING -

EVEN THE RUBBISH CANS ARE
KEPT IN HARMONY WITH THEIR
ARTISTIC SURROUNDINGS -



SEEN IN "THE ZONE"
THE POSSESSOR OF A FORTUNE WAITING FOR
A DIME TO TURN UP -



SOUVENIR HUNTERS -
THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE WHO
NEVER REFUSE A PAMPHLET -

TROUBLE ON THE TOP FLOOR

Written and Illustrated (from Clay Models) by Helena Smith-Dayton



He was the sort of wordly man Gertie admired

Gertie Golightly, that oasis of youth and beauty in the drear desert of Mrs. Canary's boarding house, was bored. For the time being, there was no person in whom she took the slightest romantic interest. Evenings, to get away from "the bunch" on the front steps, Gertie and Dave Hemisphere had drifted into a friendly habit of going to movies.

"It'll never amount to anything," the boarders agreed, dismissing the subject.

"Doing anything special this evening?" inquired Dave, at dinner.

"Nope," sighed Gertie.

Getting up from the table, Dave joined the men on the front steps. Gertie went upstairs to get her hat. On the upper landing she encountered Mr. Dorkins, the new boarder.

"How's your headache?" asked Gertie, for Mr. Dorkins had not appeared at dinner.

"Gone," announced Dorkins. "I took a little nap and feel very fit. And hungry! By the way, Miss Golightly, how would you like to go out for a little party? I feel like doing something."

Gertie, for a moment, was speechless. Dorkins! Dorkins the unapproachable,

the aloof, had actually invited her out for the evening.

After weeks of residence beneath Mrs. Canary's inquisitive roof Mr. Dorkins had managed to keep an air of mystery around himself and to keep his fellow boarders at arm's length. Naturally, Gertie Golightly forgot about Dave Hemisphere waiting down on the front steps.

"I'd be pleased to go, Mr. Dorkins," accepted Gertie.

"Fine," declared Dorkins. "My car is outside."

Mr. Dorkins owned a Geewheeze runabout, and while it often stood in front of Mrs. Canary's, giving distinction to the place, this was the first occasion that one of the boarders had been invited to step foot in it.

Gertie followed close behind Mr. Dorkins down the human aisle of the front stone steps. She waved to them gaily from the car. Before the boarders had recovered from their surprise the pair were out of sight around the corner.

Mr. Dorkins proved to be the sort of host to whom head waiters defer. With confidence, Mr. Dorkins gave his order and directed that ingredients for the salad dressing be brought to him

for mixing. He was the sort of worldly man Gertie admired.

Mrs. Cribbage noted that it was half past twelve when Mr. Dorkins' car pulled up in front of the house.

Dave Hemisphere was in a savage mood next morning. Not that he was jealous of Gertie Golightly, but to be slighted and turned down for Dorkins—Dave was shaving when the figure of Dorkins loomed in the doorway.

"Morning! Hemisphere," greeted the big man, cordially. "May I borrow a razor blade from you? I find I've run out."

"I don't use safety razors," said Dave, shortly.

"You don't!" exclaimed Dorkins, "well, well, now I see you don't. That's some formidable weapon you have in your hand. Heavens, Man! why don't you use a safety?"

"Because I prefer this kind," snapped Dave. "That is, if you have no objections, Mister Dorkins!"

"None, Hemisphere, 'cept I hate to see a promising young man imperil his life swinging a scythe like that."

"This razor, I want you to understand, Mister Dorkins, belonged to my grandfather. The barber who hones it

tells me that it is the finest piece of English steel he ever handled."

"I can tell that it is nice and sharp by your chin," grinned Dorkins.

While Dave was applying a soldering stick to his chin, Dorkins tried to be agreeable and only succeeded in further enraging Hemisphere.

"Say, you think you're smart," burst out Dave, "but you can't come in here and make a monkey of me—"

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Dorkins, calmly. "You're one of those chaps who hates to talk before he's shaved and had his breakfast. That's all right, Old Man."

At dinner that evening when Dave Hemisphere entered he created a sensation. Dressed in new white serge he was crisp and fresh as a daisy.

"My!" exclaimed old Mrs. Cribbage, blinking, "you want to be careful not to spill anything on those clothes."

With boarding house frankness every one admired Dave Hemisphere's get-up, and Dave beamed. Gertie Golightly regarded the resplendent figure and

speculated on his plans for that evening. Dave took his place beside her with an emphasis of manner which bespoke the poise of one whose mind is pleasantly centered upon self.

Dorkins believed this to be a propitious moment for re-establishing the *cordiale entente* of the top floor by

passing off as a joke the episode of the morning.

"Hemisphere," he said, genially, "you look as handsome and well groomed as an advertisement for a collar—or, a safety razor!"

"I will thank you, Mister Dorkins, not to address any further remarks to me while we are both under this roof. I don't pay my board here to be heckled by anybody. If it keeps up I'll find another boarding place."

Mr. Hemisphere, after delivering this bomb, left the table. Dorkins, unabashed, finished his dinner and went out for the evening. The two left behind them a fresh topic of conversation for the regulars on the front steps.

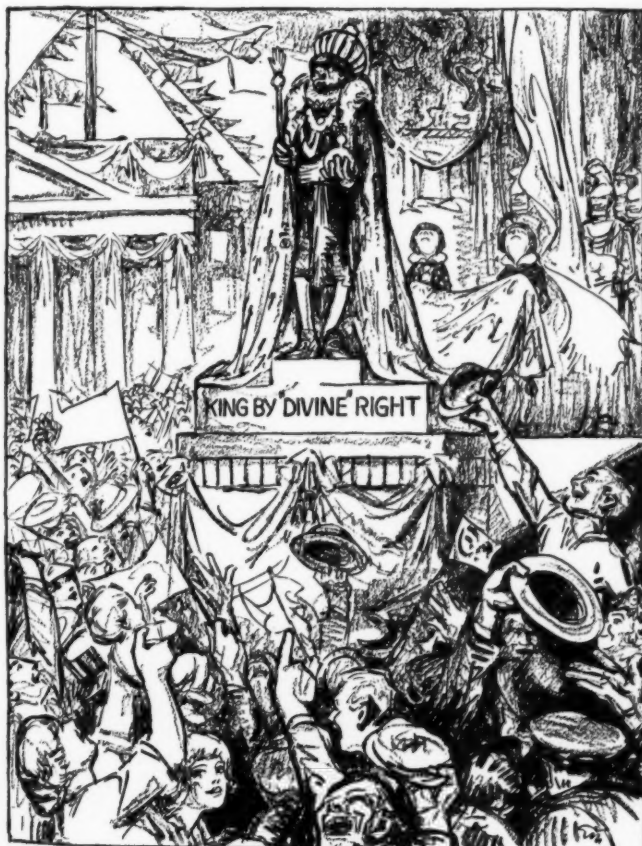
The innocent cause of the trouble, Miss Gertie Golightly—not the discussion of razors—joined the group on the steps. Gertie did not enter

into the talk about Dave and Dorkins. From time to time she gazed with a new interest at Miss Quince, seated alone on a lower step.

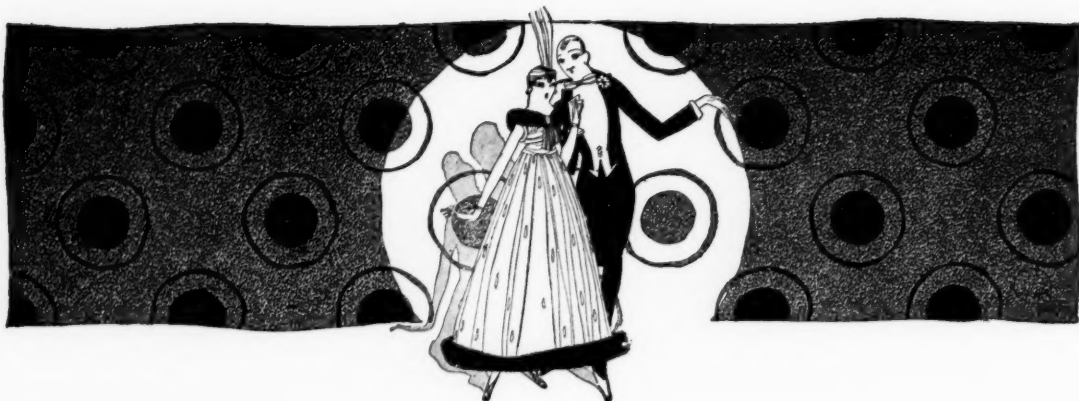
"I wonder," thought Gertie, "if I keep on boarding and boarding, and get old and—and—plain—if, some day, I'll be sitting on a lower step—alone!"



"This razor belonged to my grandfather"



WHAT CIVILIZATION HAS DONE FOR ROYALTY WHAT ROYALTY HAS DONE FOR CIVILIZATION



Capital Offences and the Instruments With Which They Are Punished

The Offence	The Punishment
Murder	The scaffold; the electric chair
Vaudeville	Vaudeville

A chemical analysis by Professor Jacques André Caillateaux, of the Société Pharmaceutique de la République Française, in the *Journal d'Astra et du Nord* for August, 1915 (page 563), of the New York newspaper dramatic critiques for the theatrical season ended June 1, 1915:

Sugar	42%
Eclair juice	5%
Zoolak	4%
Essence of Omega Oil	6%
Analgesique	4%
Massage cream	12%
Cocoa syrup	2%
Extract of taffy	2%
Grated Ivory Soap	1%
Apricot sauce	2%
Tincture of Peach Melba	4%
Spirits of Vanilla	2%
Double distilled extract of Plum Jam	10%
Compôte of jujubes	1%
May wine	2%
Raspberry pop	1%
Total	100%

All women may be divided into two classes: Those who think James K. Hackett is just too grand for words and those who think James K. Hackett would be just too grand for words if he got his hair cut.

The Puppet Shop's Letter Box

The Editor will be pleased, in this department, to answer all questions of a theatrical nature, at least where the answers are fit to print in a fireside organ like Puck.

I

Question: "I am a poor man. But, being a lover of Shakespeare, I saved

THE PUPPET SHOP

By

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

up two dollars and went to see Robert Mantell in 'King Lear.' The box-office man gave me a seat, not only in the third last row, but also behind a post. I could not see or hear a thing. I protested, but to no avail. What would you do if you were in my place?"

—H. L. JACKSON, New York City.

Answer: Thank God.

II

Question: "I desire to bring an important case to your notice. While on a visit to New York last spring with my wife I bought a couple of seats to a play called 'The Song of Songs.' I knew nothing of the play and believed it to be all right to take my wife to. When the first act was not more than halfway through, my wife was so disgusted and outraged that I had to take her out of the theatre. What do you say to such a state of theatrical affairs?"—PHILIP CHESTER ROOBER, Waukesha, Wis.

Answer: Next time leave your wife in Waukesha.

III

Question: "What is meant by Brander Matthews, George P. Baker and other professors when they speak of classic dramatic form?"—JAS. G. PROTHERS, Salem, Mass.

Answer: Annette Kellermann.

IV

Question: "What is the derivation of the word 'vaudeville'?"

—GLADYS MOUNTFORD, Topeka, Kan.

Answer: From the French "veau" (pronounced vō), meaning calf; and "de ville," meaning of the city. That is, a form of amusement designed for the calves of the city, or, in the vernacular, the blockheads.

V

Question: "What is a great actor?"

—G. D. HOFNAGLE, Trenton, N. J.

Answer: Great-Actor is a mythological creature (see Allvert's "Ancient Mythology: Its Characters," Chapter XVI, pp. 231-239). Supposed to have been able to speak intelligibly. The myth is of Eastern origin. Examples of the primitive type of Great-Actor are extinct. The legend is still fostered, however, by the older dramatic critics.

A cast, as the program announces it:
Torvald Helmer.....Robert St. Clair
Nora, his wife.....Sarah Touraine
Doctor Rank.....Henry Jones
Mrs. Linden.....Isabel Carrington
Nils Krogstad.....G. P. Anderson

The cast, as the program should announce it:

Torvald Helmer..Tuxedo Smoking Tobacco
Nora, his wife.....Bendel's
Doctor Rank.....O'Sullivan's Heels
Mrs. Linden.....Imperial Dress Shields
Nils Krogstad.....Sanatogen

The Dramatic Critics' Correspondence School

How to Achieve a Garbage Can

1. Buy a copy of Soule's Dictionary of English Synonyms.
2. Turn to page 194.
3. Run finger down until you encounter the word "great."
4. Note synonyms.
5. Apply 'em to a bad play.

Paul Bourget once wrote as follows: "The aim of a writer of a theatrical work is to impose upon the attention of two thousand persons gathered in one auditorium a painting of manners or of passions." But this Bourget was a Frenchman. Had he been an American—or a New Yorker—he undoubtedly would have placed the period after the word "auditorium."



Drawn for Puck by Heath Robinson of London

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A TRIUMPH OF STRATEGY

BRITISH SOLDIERS DISGUISED AS COCOANUT PALMS, SURPRISE A GERMAN BIVOUC

THE SIREN SAXOPHONE

By John D. Little

(Illustrations by Will Crawford)



"Evenin', Miss Pratt," said Mr. Hobbs, politely, as he opened the gate. "Evenin', Mr. Hobbs," returned the spinster.

"Mighty fine weather we're havin' lately."

"I can't say as how I consider it anything extry."

"Looks as if we might have rain to-morrow."

"I was just thinkin' we'd have a fine day."

"You prob'ly s'picion what I've come about," said Mr. Hobbs, growing desperate.

"Haven't the slightest idea," said Miss Pratt, imperturbably.

Mr. Hobbs, although he had not been invited, sat down on the edge of the porch.

"It's about them chickens."

"What chickens?"

"Yourn. They come over into my garden and eat me clean outen house and home. Seems as if you could keep 'em on your own land 'thout their tras-pesin' over the whole town-ship."

"Seems as if you could p'int that sassophone of yourn the other way when you blow it, or else trade it for a jew's-harp."

"My saxophone don't eat up your garden, 'tany rate," expostulated Mr. Hobbs.

"Humph!" replied the spinster, severely.

"Then you won't keep 'em to home?"

"Not till you quit playin' that sassophone!"

Mr. Hobbs rose wearily to his feet and moved towards the gate. Here he paused, looking back at the figure on the porch, but Miss Pratt was gazing fixedly at the sunset, with her nose in the air. He trudged sadly homeward in the gathering dust, and stumbled over a red rooster.

"Drat the bird!" he growled, kicking out violently. The outraged fowl

fled before him down the path, squawking.

Mr. Hobbs' first action on reaching the house was to bring his saxophone out on the back steps and play "Nearer My God to Thee." He always started his concerts with that hymn—had, in fact, for twenty years. The late lamented Mrs. Hobbs had been courted with that tune, had lived with it all her married life, and had finally died with it.

"Za-a-am, zam, zam, za-a-am, zam, zam," went Mr. Hobbs on the saxophone. The marauding chickens lifted their heads, and half a mile down the road an old maid went into the house and slammed the door. The echo of the slam reached Mr. Hobbs, but he had shifted to "The Little Brown Church in the Wildwood," and was oblivious. Unheeded, the chickens stalked around him, pecking at nothings on the ground.



Unheeded, the chickens stalked around him

The red rooster came near, limping a bit, and stole a grasshopper from one of his wives. This chivalrous feat accomplished, he strolled over and pecked at Mr. Hobbs' shoelaces. Mr. Hobbs broke off angrily in the middle of "The Rock of Ages."

"Drat the——!" he began; but then he recognized the red rooster, and his heart softened.

"Poor little rooster, I didn't mean to kick you back there, but you was in the way and I just had to go by. You don't bear me no evil, do you, little rooster?"

The rooster evidently bore Mr. Hobbs no ill will, for, after regarding him a minute or two, he turned and commenced pecking away once more, as if to say, "Oh, that's all right, pray don't mention the matter."

But Mr. Hobbs waxed solicitous. Going into the kitchen, he brought out the supper scraps and set them down before his pet.

"'Tain't your fault you got such a catankerous mistress," he remarked, sagely; "help yourself, and give your friends some. Maybe if I give you enough vittles you won't be a-scratching up my garden." And he went back to the saxophone and "The Rock of Ages."

The next evening, when Mr. Hobbs came out on the back stoop to play on his instrument, he brought the supper scraps with him, and the evening after that, and so on. It is a question whether the chickens were any more lenient on his much-abused garden because

of this favor, but certain it is that whenever the siren sound of the saxophone stole out on the evening air every chicken made a bee-line for the sound. It meant potato peelings, bean pods, and other good things to eat. With greater reluctance each night they wended their way to their own roost, until at last the red rooster decided to stay overnight on the Hobbs farm. This brought Miss Pratt hot-foot the next morning; there were words, and she departed with the disloyal rooster.

"There," she said, as she tossed him into the chicken yard, "I guess you'll go hungry for a while—all of you—if you don't like my food."

All day long the flock pecked futilely about the tiny enclosure, searching for worms and corn in earth that had been scratched over a thousand times. At supper time Miss Pratt threw the scraps into the fire, with never a glance toward the huddled group at the door.

The disconsolate group in the chicken yard grew restless. Far down the road appeared a speck of dust, which grew into a hurrying motor car. It was a big, red, virile auto, and as it sped around the corners, it snarled raspingly deep in its throat.

"Zaa-a-m!" sounded the car.

The red rooster looked around, startled; so did the hens. They stopped pecking, and gazed toward the road.

"Zam, zam, za-a-am!" rasped the horn on the car. The red rooster flew up on the chicken house, looking hungrily at the road. A few of his harem followed him.

"Zam, za-a-a-a-am!" snarled the car "Zam, zam, a-a-am!"

The red rooster, with a mighty flutter of wings, cleared the chicken house fence, and started off. One by one his family followed after. The horrified Miss Pratt, on the front porch, saw vanishing in the distance a feathery band headed by the red rooster, all zealously chasing a big red automobile.

Two days after, Mr. Hobbs drove up to Miss Pratt's door with a crate.

"Here's your chickens," he announced. "I heard tell as how you'd lost 'em, so I been collecting 'em. I found that rooster up to Ellum Corner."

"Lands sakes," cried Miss Pratt, "how he must 'a' traveled!"

"And, Letty," continued Mr. Hobbs softly, "don't you reckon it'd fix things up if we sorter united the saxophone and the chickens—by marriage?"

"Oh, Tobias!" exclaimed Miss Pratt. "Do you really——"

"I do," answered Mr. Hobbs, "and, Letty, we'll never eat that little red rooster. He's such a cute little feller!"



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The Seven Arts
(Continued from page 10.)

August 1st We spend our days discussing Chopin. She is Chopin-mad. She calls me with a soft Sarmatian accent Frederic Francois, and makes me study the Polish language, which is hard on me. I love Juno, I love her even better than Chopin; nevertheless, I study night and day, for I secretly tremble at the thought of losing her. She left Jubbs, and he a handsome man. Mon Dieu! what if a pianist came along, who could play Chopin better than I? Pshaw! That's hardly possible. You see pianists are shrinking violets in their modesty.

August 5th Jubbs is studying Chopin, Juno told me. He has gone to the country and practices all day, all night. I do not fear him. Ragtime has ruined his style. He will never be able to master the subtle, shifting hues of the Polish composer. Yet, ragtime is rhythmic and the Chopin mazurkas are all rhythm! Who knows?

August 13th Unlucky day. Juno promised Jubbs to visit him in the country. He has, he wrote, the Military Polonaise at his finger tips, and wishes to play it for her. Vainly I stormed and threatened. She made up her mind to go. She is a woman, therefore curious. The idea of Jubbs playing Chopin piqued her fancy and off she went, despite my anger or my blandishments. I stayed indoors, full of a vague unrest. I couldn't summon courage enough to play, much less to go out.

August 14th I saw Juno this afternoon. She is changed. She is cold. When I asked her how Jubbs had played Chopin she smiled, but a sneering smile. Her eyes are again secret. My heart beat heavily, my spirits sank. There is a storm brewing. It will soon burst.

August 18th I have not seen Juno for exactly four days. Heavens! Is she avoiding me?

August 21st She no longer loves me. I shall kill Jubbs to-morrow. I am a pianist and have spoken.

August 22nd I didn't kill Jubbs to-day. He wouldn't let me. A selfish person is this same Jubbs. When I accused him of double-dealing he sadly replied: "My friend,
(Continued on next page)



DIARY
May 15, 1820

My old Schoolmate Joe is up from Virginia. What an evening we had talking of old times over a bottle of our favorite

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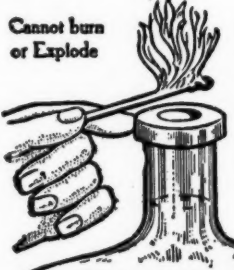
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The Seven Arts

(Continued from preceding page)

there is no need to kill me. I am nothing to Juno." The color rushed to my cheeks. "Did you play Chopin for her?" I precipitously asked. "Yes," he moodily acknowledged, "I played Chopin for her, and when I had finished she begged me to tell her when the next train left for New York."

August 26th What is the matter with Juno? She looks radiantly happy, but avoids me as if I were a viper. Misery! She no longer loves me. I implored her to listen to my playing. She refused. What villain has taken her from me? Not Jubbs—whose clothes hang on his once portly frame, who is the picture of woe-begone passion. I, too, am suffering the parching thirst of the damned in a waterless inferno. I curse the Pole whose magic music has robbed me of the soul I prized.

August 31st This can't last much longer. I can't eat. I can't drink—a fatal sign in a pianist. I can't touch the piano. I loathe the very name of Chopin. Yesterday I saw Juno in close conversation at Steinway Hall with a young man, clean shaven, dark and sinister. Who is he? Does he play Chopin?

September 3d Misery! Misery! Misery! I went into Aeolian Hall this afternoon and hearing brilliant music I followed the melodic trail and located it in a special room. And then what did I see? A picture that is now etched in fire on my memory. At the keyboard sat the little dark man, and leaning over him was Juno, my Juno, Jubbs' Juno, her glorious eyes wide open, her ears drinking in the marvelous music made by treacherous, velvety fingers. I clutched a near-by upright piano to steady myself. Chopin was played by a mechanical piano-player, and with what magnificent virtuosity. I could never hope to rival such power, speed, surety. What if it were canned music! Juno didn't know the difference. Perhaps her love, too, was canned. But I had lost her forever. So had Jubbs. Neither could compete with a machine. Without betraying my presence I rushed into the air. Life was over. Monstrous paradox, with the slaughter of my love came the cessation of love for Chopin. Tired of being a musical poet I resolved to play a more masculine role. I went on the police force. I never saw Juno again. Nor Jubbs. There are some compensations after all our sorrow-laden existence.



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Georgia's Leadership

"Georgia is the leading State of the South. . . . I want it understood that—when it comes to a woman's honor there is no limit we will not go to avenge and to protect."

—J. G. WOODWARD, Mayor of Atlanta, Ga., in a statement on the lynching of Frank.

Of course Georgia is the leading State of the South. For instance, Georgia has no compulsory education law, showing thereby its very advanced state of civilization. Georgia has no law protecting its women or children from working in factories. Orphans and children of dependent parents can work in the factory at any age—ten, seven or eight. There is no factory inspection of any kind in "the leading State of the South." The lazy fathers and chivalrous mill-owners of Georgia are too proud and too advanced to permit of any interference with their exploitation of their children.

The age of consent for little girls in Georgia is ten years, the lowest of any State in the Union. Of course, in view of the high chivalry of Georgian exploiters of child labor, and in view of the high state of mental development of the children in Georgia as a result of being neither compelled nor expected to go to school, little girls of ten are quite capable of deciding for themselves the all-important question.

Georgia last year contributed eight, or one-third of all the lynchings in the United States. Surely the statement of Mayor Woodward of Atlanta is quite correct. Georgia is undoubtedly the "leading State of the South." Her 20.7 per cent. of illiterates, her 98,000 children working in factories and her noble record of lynchings all go to prove that.

With some men anything but a soft snap is hard times.

A broad-minded person is one whom we can convince that our way of thinking is right.

A man may become a hero in an instant, but he cannot stay a hero very long unless he dies.

Fine feathers don't make fine birds. Indeed, nothing makes anything else of a woman who is a goose, or man who is a jay.

The persons who insist upon individual communion cups will doubtless feel cut-up some if they have to harp off the same music with somebody else in heaven.



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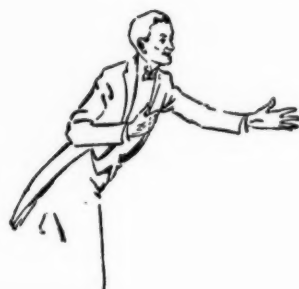
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Will It Ever Come to This?

The Commanding General of the United States Army was purple with rage.

"Send for Lieutenant Quilldriver," he rasped in his most savage tones. "Tell him to report to me at once."

When the Lieutenant stood before him, the Commanding General glared.

"You deserve to be court-martialed, sir!" he said. "And unless you can make a satisfactory explanation of your conduct, sir, you shall be."

"What is the charge against me, General? In what have I offended?"

"In what have you offended? Did you or did you not write this article, which is signed, 'By Lieutenant Quilldriver'?"

The General unfolded a newspaper of the day previous, and read this despatch from the seat of war:

The loss of yesterday's battle by the American Army I attribute to the stupid errors of General McDotage. Twice he failed in a pinch. Once when he boneheadedly permitted the enemy to outflank him, and, secondly, when he got mixed up on his signals and mistook an order to advance to be an order to retreat. As both of these errors came at critical times, their fatal effect was inevitable.

"And there is more to the same amazing end!" roared the Commanding General. "Did you write that, and if you did, what do you mean by it, sir?"

The Lieutenant nervously fumbled with his campaign hat.

"I hope you'll be easy with me, General," he cried. "You see, I'm covering this war for the *Evening Whoop*, and my style of writing is due to the fact that I used to report baseball games."

LOBBYIST: May I submit some figures in support of my contention?

SENATOR: Well, there'll have to be at least four figures.

TOWNE: And so Lonesomehurst is growing rapidly, eh?

SUBURBANITE: I should say so! Why, it already has an East Side and a West Side.

CALLER: I see some celebrated physician has discovered a new disease.

MRS. DE STYLE: Oh, my! I thought I wasn't feeling just right!

JOHNNY: I'd like to be a doctor, mama. MAMA: Why?

JOHNNY: I might find out something you could take to keep candy from hurting your teeth.

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